

We have all been hurt, much

of the time unjustly,
but a dose of realism

might temper delusions.
Consider the hammock

-belly padding Fire Island's shore,
the current drink in one hand, a trade

paper drooping from the other.
(An Adonis has garnered the plum
romantic lead.) Our hero, whose

odor rivals this low tide's,
and not having connected

vocational dots in many moons, laments:
"Is there, then,

no justice, anent
this world?"